

Wit and Humor.

CORRIDOR, DICKENS.—At a dinner party at Mr. Caning's, Corridor, L., his usual manner, monopolized the conversation, making Spain the talk of a three-hour's session. He gave a sketch of the Moors; we were pathos-tic over the fall of Beccaria; elaborately described the Alhambra; opined Don Quixote quoted nearly half of Calderon and Lopez de Vega; drew a vivid picture of Ferdinand and Isabella; denounced their neglect of Columbus, and has-tily recapitulated the Peninsular War, including a few bold flights, cast de' ferri, etc. At length he concluded by saying, "All those reflections rose to my mind in consequence of my meeting, on my way to this hospitable mansion, two of those gallant soldiers, the Life Guards, who fought in the Spanish war under the immortal Wellington."

Stock exclaimed across the table, "What an escape we have had; only suppose if *Calderon* had met the regiment!"

One of the most entertaining bipeds we ever met with, either in the Old or New World, was an amateur author named Joseph Fearn. He would, by his power of mimicry, bring the man he wished to represent before you. He was a pale-faced man, it was to publish a book of his own writing of the expense of his fellow creatures. For this purpose he commenced a subscription list, into which every man, woman and child he could get at within five miles was enlisted.

A friend having introduced him to Charles Dickens, one evening at a party, the next morning he wrote to the distinguished novelist, asking him to subscribe for his forthcoming book, which, was a religious one, entitled *Schism and Separation*. A few days afterward he called upon his friend in a state of half delight and half perplexity, and exhibited a letter from the redoubtable Mr. B. somewhat in this fashion:

"Mr. Dickens:—By all means put me down for a copy of *Schism*, but I'd advise you to keep *Separation* for your publication. Yours faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Fearn was much puzzled to know if he could put the writer of such a qualified letter down as a bona fide subscriber.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

Mrs. PARKERSON'S OUTING OF KANSAS.—Mr. Millar, in describing a visit from the talkative Mrs. Partington to his editorial sanctum recently says:

"We asked her what her opinion was on the Kansas question. 'They can be cured,' said she, firmly, 'though they are very painful and irritable yet; they can be drawn out by plucking. They are however things, and may be eradicated by proper remedies.' Heaven help us if she was thinking of eradicating cancers. We looked at her with surprise, mingled with admiration. There was no instance of sublime simplicity. Here was one who knew nothing of the Kansas question! whose mind was yet fresh from the position of 'border ruffians' or 'squatter sovereignty'—and we vowed that such a mind, thus uncontaminated, was a treasure indeed. We looked on her as she sat there, but said nothing. Like Knut Stebbings, after his fourth of July dinner, we were too full to speak."

THE YEAR 2050.—Scene—Paris in the house of an elderly gent, in New York. Old gent, telegraphs to the wailer, who seconds in a brief letter.

"Old G—John, fly over to South America and tell Mr. Johnson I will be happy to see him up with me. Never mind your cost now; go. John leaves, and at the end of five minutes returns.

"John—Mr. Johnson says he will come; he has got to go to the North Pole for a moment, and then he will be here.

"Old G—Very well, John; now start the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room and tell her that Mr. Johnson is coming, then break up my balloon; for I have an engagement in London at 12 o'clock.

John flew off to execute his order, and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies for a moment to get a fresh orange.

TIT FOR TAT.—At Hoochis, a country woman brought in some butter to a shop, and on its being weighed by the salesman it was pronounced to be too light.

"I'm sure it's not that," said the woman. Thinking he was to get some fun, he replied, "Ye needs tell me that; it's not right with our weights at any rate."

The woman determined to stand to her right, and concluded,

"I'm sure it's right."

"It's not," again replied the young lad.

Seeing the salesman was positive she got rather settled, and rejoined,

"I bought some sugar free you the other day, so I lost my part weight some way or other. I just took one o' your pens o' sugar to weigh my butter wi', so that if my butter was over light, your sugar was over light too."

MATRIMONIAL.—A very romantic gentleman puts the following advertisement in the New York paper. Where's the young lady that will "circumvent" him?

A gentleman, twenty-five years of age, a Kentuckian by birth, possessing an independent fortune and whom only happiness is found in moonlight, music, love and flowers, is desirous of devoting himself to the cultivation of those sweet-souls of existence, in conjunction with some beautiful young lady, who will esteem him, her chosen joy constantly to circumvent him, so to speak with the effulgent halo of her loving heart. Will such a maiden please address Fortunate.

ENIGMATIC FACT.—A fact very interesting to naturalists has just come to light in the Sixth Ward. There is not a frog, snake or toad, within the limits of that ward. The reason assigned is, that so much soil of Ireland has been brought over by the residents of that locality, that the Sixth Ward has ceased to be American ground. Yankees are said to expire upon being brought thither; and it is asserted that it is impossible to make even muck turtle sleep here. Astounding!

THE DIFFERENCE OF A LETTER.—An orator, purring freely, in a bushy voice, said—"In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say that I wish I had a window in my bosom, but that might not be the emotion of my heart."

The newspapers all printed the speech leaving the "t" out of "window." It was taken somewhat seriously when he read it.

"**K.**" A line of powerful screw propeller steamers is shortly to commence running between New York and Cork. Some wag says that it is to be called the Cork-screw line.

ORGANIZING THE ARMY.—During the Dorr war in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to organize the army. This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner, who represented a town in the west part of the State.

"Mr. Speaker," says he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to organizing the army, as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the revolution with nothing but a drum and fife, and come off first best too! I go agin organ. They'll be dreadful unkindly things in battle, now tell you?"

This was irreverent, and old "Aunt Rhody's Army" remains unorganized to this day.

OUTRAGEOUS FANCY.—A correspondent of the Savannah News suggests the following parody on Annie Laurie, dedicated to me acquaintance in jail:

Person's hands are heavy
When set to fall early due,
And 'twas then that Billy Laurie
Took me his U. S. gun,
Came to me and said,
And never fear will I—
But for pay from Billy Laurie
I may whistle till I die.

A CORNAR.—"Say, Joe, how'd do; how's all the house at home?"

"Putty well, only the old man has got the mumps, and Sal has got an affection for some fellow—how's your?"

"Oh, so so, 'cept the old man, he is getting old and infirm." Infirm, we suppose, was the word intended—but neither Joe nor his friend were "Dictionary people."

Agricultural.

WORK FOR MAY.

BY WILLIAM SAUNDERS.

THIRTY-ONE GARDEN.—As soon as crops appear above ground, the soil should be carefully cleared around them. This is one of the advantages derived from drill culture, and a very important one it is during dry seasons. The deeper the ground is loosened, the better will it support vegetation; the loose ground on the surface acts as a mulching, and prevents the rapid evaporation of the moisture from below. The air is also allowed unimpeded access to the roots, facilitating those electro-chemical changes upon which the growth of plants so much depends.

The most useful implements for this operation is the Dutch hoe, or scuffle hoe; in using it, there is no occasion to tread on the loose ground. Heavy summer showers more or less consolidate the surface of all soils; surface stirring should therefore follow immediately after rains, and never allow weeds to gain sufficient headway to suggest the use of the hoe, but let the cleanliness and freedom from weeds be a consequence of repeated surface cultivation.

In planting Lima beans, hold against deep covering; if the ground is prepared as suggested last month, they may be simply pressed under the surface with the hand; there is sometimes no small difficulty in getting a good start, with this crop, in close soils. The principal sowing of parsnip, turnip, beet, and orange carrot, if not already down, should receive early attention.

Towards the end of the month, sow a few seeds of Wallachian cauliflower, to come in for fall and winter use.

Flat Dutch cabbage, and curled Savoy need, should also be sown at once for winter crops.

Celeri should be sown for male crops; those enriched, friable soil, and match lightly with manure, and water occasionally to dry weather.

Young asparagus plantations should be mulched below the rows, and occasional watering with salid water will be beneficial; two ounces of salt to a gallon of water will form a sufficient, strong solution.

Sweet corn, summer squash, and vegetable marrow, may be planted at intervals of two or three weeks, if a constant supply of tender vegetables is anticipated.

Parsnips, tomatoes, &c., may be hastened to maturity by pinching out the points of the plants; chocking growth will induce a tendency to early fruiting.

In transplanting, always paddle the roots in a mortar of sand and water, unless the weather is dull and showery.

Sweet potatoes may be raised to tolerable perfection, even in strong, loamy soil, by throwing the ground into small mounds twelve or fourteen inches high, and inserting the plants on the extreme top of the mound. Plants may be obtained in quantity by placing a few roots in a hothouse, and cut out the young shoots when three or four inches grown; these plants should be planted in a triangle on each hill.

HARDY FRUIT.—In connection with the writing of the calendar, we have had various inquiries in regard to the proper extent of suritching soil for fruit trees. Trees that were originally planted in rich compost, and have annually been liberally treated with manure, are, after some years, still growing vigorously, but showing little or no distinction of fruit. This result is quite in accordance with experience. Trees have their periods of youth, maturity, and old age. When young, growing with vigor, or, if this vigor is upheld with high culture, the wood-producing force is also excited; and, in addition to this, they are usually covered with the strong shoots by pruning, in winter. It further increases the persistence of the roots over the branches. There are various expedients practically resorted to with the view of checked wood growth. Grafting on a slow growing stock, which will naturally afford a less supply of sap than the graft would otherwise take up; digging round the roots, and cutting through the strongest of them; ringing, or cutting out a small piece of bark round the stem, tying the branches to a horizontal, or even a vertical position, are means which have long ago been practised to attain this object. The true method of deriving benefit from measuring fruit trees was not, so to speak, perfectly, even now, understood. That is, by judicious and skillful summer pruning. Equalizing the sap, and preventing the development of luxuriant shoots, must receive attention during growth. The most vigorous growing shoot will be effectively checked by simply breaking out the point. It is perfectly possible to train trees in any desired shape, and keep them in a healthy and constantly productive state, without the use of a knife, or any instrument sharper than the finger and thumb. This subject will come under consideration again.

SNAKES.—Now between the rows, and cover with a mulching, either of straw, tan bark, or short grass; anything that will keep the fruit clean; a thorough watering will be of great use after the first flowers are set to fruit.

GROOMSMEN.—Milk may be preserved, by watering with soap-suds, over the bottoms. A rational cure for this pest may be formed by mix-



THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Master Alfred.—"Don't, baby! You'll spoil it! Leave go, sir! Here, nurse, he's swallowing my new watch!"

ing a pack of lime, and a pound of sulphur, in ten gallons of water; let it stand and settle. A pint, in 4 gallons of water, syringed over the bushes where the fruit is forming, will keep them clean; cover the ground with manure, and spread a small quantity of salt over it, to keep as much moisture as possible about the roots.

Figs should be uncovered, this fruit is much neglected; planted in rather poor, well drained soil, laid down and covered during winter, they are usually very productive.

GRAPES.—Rub all superfluous shoots as soon as the strongest can be ascertained. In consequence of the extreme severity of the winter, much of the young wood is killed. Young vines, that ripened their wood imperfectly last season, are most likely to suffer in this way. Such shoots require to be cut back to a sound and healthy part. Even though only injured slightly, they require cutting down, as such healthy shoots spread disease over the whole plant.

GRAPEVINES.—In well-drained borders (and vine borders should be well drained), thorough applications of rain water should be given at intervals of ten or twelve days, if the weather continues dry and clear. This is independent of the daily spraying necessary on the floor and paths of the house, to charge the atmosphere with moisture. Air regularly, but gradually; nothing can be more injurious than sudden dashes. There is no climate in the world where the temperature is constantly the same. Drying, budding, and tying up the young shoots, will be the principal requirements. A slight spraying when in flower, helps to thin, or, rather, prevent the thick setting of the berries; of course, it must be done cautiously.

GRASSHOPPERS.—The tiny mites may now be lowered day and night, unless heavy rains, or very strong winds prevail. Shading will now be required. An awning mounted on rollers is the most complete method. Washing the glass with whitewash, or painted with boiled oil and linseed, paints trouble, but the continued shade is not always desirable. The sprays may be used freely in distributing water over the house, and also those plants not in flower. Guard against currents of dry air sweeping over the plants, by ventilating only by the top opening. A shaded, moist atmosphere is most congenial in the majority of summer flowering plants.

Pelegonians will still be blossoming; pick off all decayed flowers, and gradually withhold water as they cease growing. Have seed from the best varieties. They ripen soonest perfectly out of doors, in a full exposure to the sun.

CORN.—Wife. "Well, now, as sure as I'm alive, husband, you've been to action and brought a pack of cinnamon roses home, and I have had a man digging half a day to get the pots out of my garden. Do throw them right into the street!" Husband. "Why here's the lit, Fibonaci quince, and the Symphore racemosa, and the Philadelphus coronarius, and Syringa vulgaris, and I'm sure—" Wife. "Pshaw! You've paid away your money for a pretty parcel of Latin names. I don't care what you call them, but they are nothing but old-fashioned names."

ROSES.—We are in the usual usage of sanguine.

PANTED POTATOES.—Potatoes have often proved well when planted late in June, still the safest way is to plant early. Dry weather often cuts off half the crop, and dry weather is more common in the east than at any time.

Rich compost should not be put in the hills, for it makes more vines than potatoes, and the vines are more liable to rot. Put a little straw from the cow-yard into each hill on top of the potatoes and bury the whole with a well formed hill—not too high or too low; and if you plant too few, grow out a few more plants that you might have purchased of an honest florist for two dollars.

PLANTATION.—We are in the usual usage of sanguine.

PLANTATION.—Horticultural.

PLANTATION.—Dr. Lindley lately delivered a lecture on grafting before the Horticultural Society of London; the following are the conclusions arrived at: 1. A scion will always form a perfect and permanent union with its stock, if both are from the same individual. 2. A scion will generally form a perfect and permanent union with its stock, if one is a mere variety of the other. 3. A durable, but not permanent union, may be effected when one species of a genus is worked on another species. 4. No union, either durable or permanent, can be expected when stock and scion are widely different. 5. Bad workmanship will render any kind of grafting perishable. Grafted plants, then, are necessarily worse than scions.

PLANTATION.—Gourds, cucumbers, melons, and other gourd-like plants, should be repotted as soon as they require more space, as they grow.

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ASLEEP.

An hour before, the sun of things
That memory to the dying brings,
And bade me all the while;
Then, after some eventful partings,
She could no longer her bosom and head,
Until she fell asleep.

"From me then, 'tis written now,
The common bosom full of the laugh,
And stories of the past;—
I wonder down the garden walk,
And music on all the happy talk.
We had known the time;

And, resting on the garden seat,
One old Recollection's life is by,

I think of other days.

Of golden times, when he and I
The world were young and gay,
He bound the children in his arms,
Following home the harvest wreath,
And smiling in their glade.

But when the daylight died away,
And shadows grew dusky in the bay,
Those recollections came over me,
And to the solitude of the night,
Bright thoughts that end in dreams as bright,

Conquerors'onic pastures.

I wake and see the morning star,
And hear the birds on the tree,
The rosy morn on the sea;

And then, with tears, I long to

Answer him summoned me,

With her eyes.

Original Novellet.

VIVIA;

THE SECRET OF POWER.

Written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. H. SOUTHWORTH.

Illustrated according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856,
by Deacon & Prentiss, in the Clerk's Office of the State
Court for the Masters, Clerks of Franklin.

Days past passed while Theodore hovered between life and death. The first of January arrived, the time appointed for the doctor's family to begin their journey northward, yet as Theodore still continued extremely ill, his relatives could not in common propriety leave the neighborhood. When, however, near the first of February the pronounced convolution, his sister sent over the remainder of her effects, consisting chiefly of her card, and packing materials, to Red Ridge; and the next day, accompanied by the whole family, came over to bid adieu—"to Hell!" indeed the fragile, suffering creature seemed to be consigned.

"I am very glad to have you as well provided for, dear Theodore! I trust you will be quite happy. Though, as I said before, Baillie is not exactly the man I should have chosen for you, yet as you seemed destined to marry him, I will say no more upon that point. He is certainly very devoted to you. Good-bye, my love. I shall send a letter to you from Baltimore. Baillie must answer it. And as soon as you are well enough, you also must write to me," said the lady, as taking leave of her niece.

They left the next day.

One would have thought it, but even this parting from relatives who had never been very kind to her, was so painful to the sensitive girl, who considered it as the breaking of the last link that held her to her pitchy life, that in her weak, impulsive state it caused a relapse that threw Baillie into several weeks.

Baillie was now her devoted name. The gentle woman could not have been more gentle. His solicitude lessened to induce her with the tact, skill, and tenderness, that only experience usually gives.

A busy and critical season was approaching for the former—but Baillie, with an eye single to Theodore, at the interests of his fate, took care of themselves, or he taken care of whomsoever liked to assume the trouble and responsibility.

Poor old Mrs. Whitman signed over the state of affairs, and gave over complaint to Miss Elizabeth.

"It is not that I have any valid feelings toward the little creature, especially as her husband does not seem to be, but after all my strategy to get along in the world, Baillie could not have picked up a few lonely women, with property, and some power of work in her, to be a helpmate for him. And now here is his girl of a wife not only unable to help him, but taking all his time up, in addition to her. I do think I am the most afflicted," and here the long suffering old lady broke down and wept.

"Oh! no you are not the most afflicted. This delicate young lady to whom Baillie's own heart has told him, will care and reform him as no wife of yours picking out would have done," replied Miss Elizabeth.

This conversation occurred one evening while the old lady was laying the cloth for tea; and Miss Elizabeth, as usual in mild weather, was sitting sewing by the open window. When the supper was placed upon the table, the latter took a cup of tea and a piece of toast, and carried them up stairs to Theodore, with the intention also of silencing the watch of Baillie, while she should come down to join the family at their evening meal. Baillie had already returned the kitchen, when he perceived Jim, who had been dispatched to Kyrie for letters and some other necessaries for the use of the sick girl, approaching and holding up with great glee, three letters in his hands.

"A half of a dozen, Maria Blaine! An' Maria Blaine my how day's bid dare two posts?"

Giving a letter at Red Ridge was such a very new and almost unprecedented event, that the master gazed on it much excited at the view of such an unusual hand.

"Where upon the face of the earth would so many letters come from?" exclaimed old Mrs. Whitman, while Helen and Miss Nelly Farnell, stood near and peeped over Baillie's shoulder.

"One is from New Orleans, for me," said Blaine.

"Yes I think it's from Mrs. Theodore, and the old lady."

"Who's 'theirs' from?"

"I don't—exactly—know," said Blaine, in a hesitating, trembled manner, looking at the other letters.

"One is marked Her—Her—something—"

"Oh! Her. They are foreign letters—hand in hand, and let me look at them," ejaculated Helen, impatiently.

Feeling letters I hand 'em here this night, wouldn't they're for me. Who else should be? You know it! Who has rich relatives to bring posts to have them sent?" continued Miss Nelly Farnell, in great excitement, endeavoring to take the letters from Helen, as she recited them in her own possession.

"Helen! The letters are directed to—"

"Theodore, indeed! who has she got in stirring parts?"

"Give me Theodore's letters to keep for her, Helen," interrupted Blaine.

Baillie reluctantly returned them, Miss Farnell taking an opportunity to peer at their superscription, to satisfy herself that these were fair play in their detention by the present parties.

"Come! read your own letter, Blaine! I want to know how the doctor's family got on," exclaimed old Mr. Whitman.

"I wish you'd all sit down to the table, and eat your supper like christians. Such a fuss about letters! Well, they are rationed in this poor, low-life home, that's a fact!" exclaimed Miss Nelly, who had now lost all interest in the family correspondence.

"Sit down, Miss Nelly, and I will wait on you," said the most amiable old lady in the whole world. "Sit down all of you, and Baillie, you can read your letter out loud, while I make the tea, and Helen helps Miss Nelly to ham and tongue."

The little master being satisfactorily settled, Mrs. Thompson's mission was read. It only announced the safe arrival of herself and family at New Orleans, and expressed their anxious desire to hear news of Theodore by letter, that must be directed to Galveston, the next place of their temporary abode. After finishing the perusal, Blaine laid the letter on the table, for Miss Elizabeth to read, hardly swallowed a cup of tea and a few mouthfuls of bread, and immediately left the table, and hurried off up to Theodore's room.

"That boy will kill himself, with walking on Theodore," said old Mr. Whitman, sighing.

"Stump! I hope it 'll last," benevolently observed Miss Farnell.

"He doesn't eat enough to keep a bird alive, Nelly," sighed the old lady despondingly.

"It's enough to keep a jayhawk alive, it seems," was the second comment of this affable creature.

Baillie, had any one been sufficiently interested in her to observe it, might have detected in neglecting her supper quite as much as Baillie had; she was nothing, but mused and crushed her bread; her thoughts were upon those letters; she knew they were from Austin Malamaine; she would have given—fraction of her honor, to have seen the contents of those epistles; but that while they remained in the possession of Baillie, the seeds were as sacred to the holy stone she knew; however, there was nothing like trying that question. "On expectation, etc."

That night while Theodore slept soundly, she went up stairs, and offered to relieve Baillie's watch; and upon his expected refusal to leave Theodore's side, begged and obtained permission at least to share it.

"Does talking in a low voice distract her?" asked Helen.

"No, not now! for when she sleeps at all, it is so heavy, that it's like death," groaned Baillie.

"Very well! I am glad of it, for I have something to say to her concerning your happiness, and the next not hear."

"Helen, I do not mean to begin by having my secrets from Theodore! It would seem like treachery."

"How! How! How! I hope it may last," said Miss Nelly soberly. "Has she no secrets from you?"

"I don't know! however she will not have any wrong ones, I am sure."

"How—m—m? Hope that may last, also? Very well, then! The subject of our conversation this evening you need not keep secret from her, if, when she is able to hear of it, you see fit tell her?"

"Well, then, what is it?"

"Do you know whom those letters came from?"

"Yes! I sign'd Blaine, "I suppose I do—they came from—from—that—handsome—wealthy—book—lover—Austin Malamaine?"

"Did you know he was Theodore's lover?"

"And now then? She knows nothing of those letters! you have a right to open and read them to possess yourself of the contents—and—the relation in which those I've stood towards each other—when he went to Europe—then—would put you into a position to—know how to act in the premises."

"Helen Whitman! you are yourself, this moment, stamping for my shame at what you say me to have!" said Baillie, warmly.

"Well!" exclaimed Helen, hotly. "If you look at it so prettily, at least, you have the privilege of expressing the letters, which, under the circumstances, I think would be best, as the person of their contents might make her very unhappy in her present position."

"Helen! you make me mad! Now I tell you what I shall do. I shall keep these letters carefully, until Theodore is able to read them. Then—mind you!—shall not give them to her with my own hands, nor if I wished to see her with them—no!—but I shall leave them on her table, so that she may find them when she is alone, and read the without interruption. I shall never name the letters to her, but if afterwards she chooses to give me her confidence, she may do so! The Lord know I am afraid the poor, unhappy girl has been hardy and deservingly enough dealt with, but I have had no hand in her injuries—for I myself was deceived! But it is too late now to help her all that is left is for me to act as right."

"Ah! poor Helen! what is left for any of us, in any case, to do, but simply—right?"

"As Theodore recovered, Baillie gradually absented himself from her presence; that was a part of the old-duty rule that he had laid down for himself out of delicate regard to her.

One morning when she was well enough to come down to the parlor, he came in bringing her a bunch of the first white lilacs of the season, and when he gave her these, he left the two letters on the table, beside the vase of lilacs, where she would not fail to see the superscription for herself. And then he withdrew, and went around into the door to the east, and, to his uttermost mortification, he was discovered by this delicate, invalid girl, and she directed him to take up his chair into her chamber that he had left too soon, she said. A severe illness followed this event. Again Baillie was her uninvited nurse.

The first object that met her eye was the pale, wan, anxious face of her poor, unpolished, lover-bird. In all this, under all the superficial roughness and unpolishedness and ignorance, there was a real wild grace of wisdom, goodness, and spiritual beauty, that a fine, penetrating spirit, like that of Theodore, could not fail to recognize in Baillie.

When she was fully convalescent, Baillie was subpoenaed to attend a trial at the county town, and left her for an absence of several days. Now, and his master to her home many degrees more considerate and delicate, she must have rejoiced at a deliverance, however short, from his company. As it was, she missed him—missed the kind, attentive countenance, that for her had no expression but the most affectionate smile, that in her suffering was shadowed over with sorrow, and when she was better was lighted up with joy. Baillie loved her with a pure, deep, strong affection, and he was the only one in the family that did so. Old Mrs. Whitman, Miss Elizabeth, and Helen, were as kind as they could possibly be; but through all their attentions and services, Theodore's fits were perceived that she was only compensated as a delicate, invalid girl, and barely tolerated in the light of a daughter and sister; only Baillie loved her just as she was, loved her devoutly, notwithstanding her infirmities. And from her soul she pitied Baillie, and wondered at the strange destiny that had in turn, and opened first, the vase of lilacs.

"A half of a dozen, Maria Blaine! An' Maria Blaine my how day's bid dare two posts?"

Giving a letter at Red Ridge was such a very new and almost unprecedented event, that the master gazed on it much excited at the view of such an unusual hand.

"Where upon the face of the earth would so many letters come from?" exclaimed old Mrs. Whitman, while Helen and Miss Nelly Farnell, stood near and peeped over Baillie's shoulder.

"One is from New Orleans, for me," said Blaine.

"Yes I think it's from Mrs. Theodore, and the old lady."

"Who's 'theirs' from?"

"I don't—exactly—know," said Blaine, in a hesitating, trembled manner, looking at the other letters.

"One is marked Her—Her—something—"

"Oh! Her. They are foreign letters—hand in hand, and let me look at them," ejaculated Helen, impatiently.

Feeling letters I hand 'em here this night, wouldn't they're for me. Who else should be? You know it! Who has rich relatives to bring posts to have them sent?" continued Miss Nelly Farnell, in great excitement, endeavoring to take the letters from Helen, as she recited them in her own possession.

"Helen! The letters are directed to—"

ILLUSTRATIONS OF "HIAWATHA."

[From a number of Illustrations of the celebrated poem of Hiawatha, to the N. Y. Tribune, we take the following—]

WABO WOO THE STAR OF THE MORNING.

PORTRAIT OF WABO.

HIAWATHA FRIENDS HIS GRAND-MOTHER BY DOG PRACTICE.



And he wove her with caravans,
Wooden her with his smile of wonder,
With his glittering wings he wove her.

A GOOD FIT.



"From the red deer's hide Nahomie
Made a cloak for Hiawatha."

HIAWATHA (OR THE PUP) EATS THE LOON BOW.



"He could shoot his arrows upward,
From the bow he made with swiftness,
That the loon had left the loon-bow.
Hiawatha cast the loon-bow."

HIAWATHA STARTS OFF TO SEE HIS FATHER.



"From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel and for hunting."

places, and furnishes an agreeable relaxation to the follower of sedentary pursuits or occupations.

I do not propose to enter upon a defense of field sports properly followed, as there is no necessity among liberal and unprejudiced minds, but to urge the necessity of game preservation and protection. It is in a most palpable fact, that feathered game—especially the quail, woodcock, snipe and ruffed grouse, (commonly known as the partridge and pheasant,) are rapidly and surely becoming extinct, and this fact is mainly due to a cruel, reckless, callous murder of these noble birds out of their proper season. Their growing scarcity, while it is admitted upon all sides, has also been ascribed to some of the advance of civilization, and the up-springing of new and large places and thoroughfares. The entire reverse of this is true however, for they follow in the tracks of man, and are found only after his hand has cleared the forest, and admitted the rushing upon meadows and fields of grain. The most fatal place for ruffed grouse, is in some woodland skirted by fields of waving grain.

The advance of improvements, except as they increase the numbers and facilities for fowling, pot-hunting vagabonds, to stalk about the woods and fields, and do their contemptible work of murder, does not in the least diminish their numbers. It is nothing more or less than a criminal disregard of the proper time to hunt and kill this game, which causes its scarcity. Take for example a couple of female ruffed grouse, killed in the latter part of April or early in May, and the effect upon the numbers of the bird in the ensuing fall will be twenty or thirty less, for the lays from ten to fifteen eggs at a laying. Not is this all—as the birds during the spring are exceedingly poor, and their flesh, particularly after severe winters, is rank and bitter, from being kept by deep snows from their usual food, and feeding, from necessity upon hoarfrost and other unnatural and unwholesome excrements.

The severity of the past winter has destroyed thousands of quail, in almost every section of country, where they abounded—and the few that have survived, are now busy with the cares of nesting and incubation, and it is easy to see that unless they are unmolested in so doing, this little favorite is in great danger of immediate and actual extermination. My correspondents in the west, complain to mention the great destruction of this bird, it being often found frozen to death in large flocks, upon the prairies. Indeed, the habit of the quail, in gathering in close circles, during the prevalence of storms, is frequently taken advantage of by things, (not men,) who pounce upon them a murderous flight of shot or shot, often killing entire, or decimating the flock. No man of ordinary humanity, much less a genuine sportsman, would think of shooting a quail, woodcock or snipe sitting, any more than he would of shooting and bagging an owl, and in fact to him who can only kill game sitting, my advice would be to either entirely abandon sport, or learn to accomplish the business in a more sportsmanlike manner. For, who is there that in shooting a quail, woodcock or snipe sitting, any more than he would of shooting and bagging an owl, and in fact to him who can only kill game sitting, my advice would be to either entirely abandon sport, or learn to accomplish the business in a more sportsmanlike manner. For, who is there that in shooting a quail, woodcock or snipe sitting, any more than he would of shooting and bagging an owl, and in fact to him who can only kill game sitting, my advice would be to either entirely abandon sport, or learn to accomplish the business in a more sportsmanlike manner. 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GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

SEEING THE WHALE.

One of the most interesting scenes that I ever witnessed came of in the port of Ayas, Eastern Bharat, on a clear summer day, while not a breath of air was abroad to darken the bright, smooth surface of the Delibek sea with the wayward east-wester, or to distract the motionless fog-banks which hung around the horizon to seaward. The summer was that of 1865, and the "Old John Hancock," that deformed offspring of Old Foggin's prolific brain in its last stage of dilapidation, having, through the strict interposition of a merciful Providence, been enabled to limp along so far on her interminable cruise, had lost her anchor in the half-shattered harbor above mentioned, than to remain until we should have surveyed and sounded out its unknown formation.

Very few persons are aware of the existence of such a place as Ayas, whalers and Russians excepted; and it may, therefore, be proper to devote a few lines to it before we come to the whale part of the story. Hereafter I contemplate devoting an entire letter to that out-of-the-way settlement of the Russian. For Company, and will at present, therefore, only remark that it is situated on the west shore of the sea of Ochotsk, about equidistant from the mouth of the Amur river and the larger town of Ochotsk; that its latitude is north 55 deg. N., its longitude about 130 deg. E., that it is inhabited by Russians, surrounded by the Tungus tribes of Indians, and that it is frequently visited by whaling ships, usually by the ships of the Company, and seldom or never by any other. And now to return to our interesting scene.

We had been at anchor three days, the data for the harbor chart was all on our field books, and the next morning's unprepossessing early sun was to see us underway for the mouth of the river Amur. During those three days we had worked hard in our boats with sextant and lead-line, and during the three nights still harder at the Russian Governor's table with knife and fork. In fact, we had been almost fated to death by those frustrating Northerns, and had determined to remain on board this day at least to repair damages, and recover from the effects of their over-dense hospitality and roast beef.

They were a glorious set of fellows, those very Russians: strong framed, large-hearted, and with astonishingly capable heads and stomachs. If one might judge from the quantity of wine and viands which they destroyed at most frequent and untidy periods. They would drink three or four wine glasses of raw gin or whiskey before each meal—calling it by the modest combination of "taking twenty drops"—and raise their brows in surprise at our remarkable abstineness, we only indulging in one glassful. They would eat until they burst, and then lay their heads down—like the whale—on the deck, and the inopportune boat thundering along in his rear.

We had now two boats fastened to their flying prises, while some half-dozen others were pulling vigorously in various directions, intent upon capturing off one or the other of the monsters—should the opportunity present itself in one of their many turnings—and fastening a second harpoon, in case the first should draw out. Old Grayback, however, seemed fairly aware of the game that was being played, and evinced a decided inclination to being "caught foul" a second time.

He was by this time apparently couched down by his "two forty" pace, and seemed determined to limit his exertions to keeping out of sudden snares and thus indulging in unpleasing sudden dives or dashes along the surface, as if merely to show them that he was still "about." After running some miles to seaward, the old fellow had turned, and retracted his track to within half a mile of the spot where he was struck, and we had a fair view of his motions most of the time; but the other whale had dragged his boat with lightning speed around the North point of the harbor, and disappeared entirely.

Upon old Grayback, therefore, we fixed our admiring eyes, and some adventurous spirits even advocated the idea of our joining in the fun with our own boats, but as the majority of us still had in distant contemplation a mundane meeting with absent friends, the proposition to "take a boat and pull ourselves," (the crew having been worked hard during the last few days,) met with little encouragement. "Every man to his own trade," I thought to myself, as old Grayback made one of his playful dashes, turned suddenly at right angles to his former course, and came towards us with frightful velocity. "Every man to his own trade," what would become of that boat now, if I had the management of her! I think I'd much rather be seated on this topless yard with my gimbals to assure myself.

It was an awful jerk, a bold outlay of his banded strength, which the Leviathan made in that sudden dash and short turn, but the quick eye of the boat-steerer had caught the movement, and with one mighty sweep of his trailing oar, turned the boat as upon a pivot, just as we felt the tautening of the line. onward, onward. A breaking roof crossed their mad career, but old Grayback had evidently again lost his reckoning, for he rushed steadily upon it. Another second or two, and he must either turn at right angles or butt out his brains. He chose the former, as any sensible whale must have done, and seemed to do with renewed velocity. Blazing the reef with a considerable portion of his huge head exposed, he passed so close to one of the anchored boats as to furnish the long looked-for chance of fastening a second iron. But the harpoon, though well directed, and urged by the power of a strong arm, moved by the moment's excitement, glanced harmlessly from his polished sides, and was shortly dashed in by the disappointed whale.

The unexpected attack, however, seemed to hit him to perfect madness. Bound off violently from the reef, he tore the first harpoon from its deep-set hold, and renewed his furious flight, leaving behind him a horrid wake of bloody foam, that hid defiance to further pursuit. Old Grayback had saved his blubber, and the Sally Anne, of New Bedford, was mine her 200 barrels.

It was curious in the extreme to watch the party old bulls and cows as they drove the young calves into shore, and there left them to stand, while they themselves, from the fact of drowning too much water, were forced to remain either out, swimming back and forth, across and about the entrance, diving under ships, lying on the surface or among themselves, motionless, apparently asleep, and yet sinking suddenly like a lump of lead, dropping perpendicularly away from the floating boats, just as one of them would get close enough to make the leviathan know it for the deadly dove.

Of course, I suppose there were some dozen or more, accompanied by an infinite number of grampus, amassing themselves in the shoal water—and there were probably as many as fifteen or twenty of the bulls and cows lurking and filling in different parts of the harbor, each of the latter having one, sometimes two heads dragging his wake, or cutting across his course with sheet, out like mere-

masses. The harbor being quite small, the water smooth and polished, the day beautifully bright, and our position quite elevated, we could follow most of their motions while under water nearly as well as when they were on the surface, and the manner in which they would turn from danger was really astonishing. In their doings they put me in mind of the fox. One old gray-headed fellow, I suppose in particular, who, while swimming leisurely along from a passing boat, suddenly turned a deep somersault without disturbing the surface water at all, and a minute later bounded three or four hundred yards directly astern. You know, one of which had been swimming upon him from other side, had evidently caused this singular movement.

He sooner had this old fellow's huge body turned again to view, than the three boats, who seemed to be devoting their patriotic attention to him alone, crept stealthily back towards him with their noiseless paddles; but with yet some distance off, his body, which had since his disappearance, floated lightly and motionless up the surface, looking suddenly depraved of expression. That being so, the whale was forced to the surface, having suddenly dropped perpendicularly out of sight, leaving nothing to tell of his previous swimming process save a few erring addles. A round shot would have said, so hawk the eye of his pursuers, and when next seen "not pretty well" with the culps and grampus more than half a mile from his former position. The boats, however, judging with singular accuracy to his unfortunate course, had followed



NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

[See ENGRAVING.]

We present our readers this week with an engraving of Mr. Banks, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, whose election was accomplished after such an arduous struggle.

Mr. Banks was born on the 18th of January, 1816, in the town of Waltham, near Boston, which is still his residence. The poverty of his family deprived him of any but the most ordinary advantages of education, and those were necessarily narrowly limited, or utterly withheld, from his twelfth year, when he became himself to a factory in his native town, wherein to earn a livelihood. At a later period of his youth, he worked as a blacksmith. He was nearly thirty years old, wife, throwing aside his blacksmith's apron, he commenced in Boston the study of the law, in the office of Hon. Robert Bassett, Jr., then U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts, and he was more than thirty years old when, in 1844, he was admitted to practice, and opened an office for himself in Boston, still residing with his family at Waltham. Mr. Banks was probably the ablest man in the Democratic ranks in New England, and Mr. Banks' views upon many subjects are identical with those of his legal teacher and personal friend.

Mr. Banks had an honest and active par-

ticipation as early as 1840, when he supported Van Buren and the Sub-Treasury. He stood up for Polk in '44, and for Cass in '48, when he was for the first time chosen to the Legislature of Massa-

chusetts from Waltham, though his political opponents were a divided majority in that town.

It is said that but twenty Democrats were

then elected to the Massachusetts House, which consists of some three to four hundred members.

In 1850, the famous "Coalition" between the Free Soilers and the Democrats wrested Massa-

chusetts from the control of the Whig party.

He stood up for the services of Charles Sumner to fill the seat of Daniel Webster in the U. S. Senate, and elected Mr. Banks Speaker of the Massachusetts House.

In 1853, Mr. Banks was elected Speaker of the Constitutional Convention, of which the ablest mem-

ber of the State was member.

Mr. Banks first took his seat as a Member of Congress in December 1855, having supported General Pierce for President in the preceding campaign.

He acted with his party through that session,

and received a majority of some seven thousand votes.

In December last that Congress assem-

bled, and, after a two months' struggle, was

elected Speaker by a plurality of three votes.

Mr. Banks is generally acknowledged to be an

admirable presiding officer—having much ex-

perience, and great natural coolness, prompti-

tude and dignity.

He is now forty years old, rather below the

medium size, with a firm, erect carriage, and an

earthy physiognomy that seems as though he had

been pinched and starved by facing a keen

New England March wind. His dark hair is

thickly sprinkled with gray, indicative of the

exertion of an active brain-work. He is un-

derived to be still in very moderate circum-

stances. He was married some years since, and

his wife is now in Washington, though

their children in part remain at school in their

New England home. Contrary to the general

opinion that "prophet is not without honor, save

in his own country," Mr. Banks has always been

most popular in his native town, and there the

long struggle for the speakership was watched

with the liveliest anxiety on his behalf. When

the tidings of his success at length arrived, the bells were rung, cannon fired, a procession formed, and all the clergymen assembled with their books to rejoice over the success of their town-

mate of the novel of "Faust."

Mr. Banks has been spoken of in connection

with the Republican nomination for the Presi-

dency, but it is stated that he declines ac-

knowling his name to be used before the Conven-

tion.

Banks Attenuates.—The ladies of New Eng-

land, according to an English historian, have a

way of their own to diversify themselves.

The chief amusement of the people was, and

still is, the *laugh*, or *crying*. The Indian pride

attaches on them doing this in the most effec-

tive way, so that a stranger would be deceived,

and not think it possible that it could be a mere

mockery of woe, and yet it is nothing more

than the body reduces animal life, but not the

power of motion; and when the spirit is an ex-

tremed from the body, it has failed to give an ex-

istent consciousness of self, with diminished spirits;

and that, at death, the spirit is only separated

from the body, and as the body is freed from the

body which have enveloped it, and fail in

leaving the body of that time, the spirit is in no

consciousness of the separation, as when separated at

any other time, as in a swoon.

The Swedes—*Svenska Jules* or *Fame* and *Fortuna*.—Swedenians maintain that man is a spirit, possessing the form and pervading the ma-

terial system; that the spirit possesses

eyes, a nose, hands, a mouth, limbs and feet; and

that while in the body, the body is simply a

place of mechanism, by which the spirit opera-

tes on material things, and through the ma-

terial objects; that the spirit may be separated

from this life from the body, and almost unno-

ticeable of its existence; that when death is the

cause of the separation, the body remains

alive, and the spirit is only separated from the

body, and as the body is freed from the

body which have enveloped it, and fail in

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The Swedes—*Svenska Jules* or *Fame* and *Fortuna*.

The Swedes—*Svenska Jules* or *Fame* and *Fortuna*.

"Enough is as good as a feast." The best comment on this proverb that comes to me was the reply made by Rooker, the composer, (a man who had a poor Irish wit in him,) at a time when he was struggling with considerable worldly difficulties. "How few are our real wants!" said a consulting friend; "what consequences is a splendid dinner?" "Enough is as good as a feast." "Yes," replied Rooker, and therefore a feast is as good as enough—and I think I prefer the former for the former.

"Lovers, love thy dog." At first sight this has a kindly appearance, as of one whose interest in a humble friend was as great as can be took in himself; but, on looking closer into it, we find it involves a curious amount of selfish consideration upon the kindness of others—a sort of doubling of the individuality, with all its associations. My dog (whatever shape) may be an odious beast; or, at best, one who either makes himself, or whom misfortune is to him, very disagreeable to certain people; but, never mind what of that, if he is my dog? Humanity could not go on if this were persisted in.

"See a bigger on horseback, and he'll ride to the Devil." The direction in which he will ride depends entirely on the character of the beggar or poor man and only rises to power. Some sick over the other side of the horse, and drop into utter cloth and powdered ammonia; but others do their best to ride well, and sometimes succeed! Masala and Riesni did not side long in the best way, but several patriotic, who have rapidly risen from obscurity to power, have set noble examples.

"Through him comes to a rose, and he will rise with a rose in his mouth" (Arabic.) Some men are so fortunate that nothing can sink them. Where another man would drown they find him, or

peach.

"He who rides a horse, and spilt the child?" This seems to be derived from the old Spanish proverb, which we find in Don Quixote: "He loves the well who makes him weep." They are kindly and dangerous masters, which lead to increased severity, and to justify harsh treatment upon the poor for future advantage. We readily admit that nothing can be worse than a "spilt child," nor can a more injurious syphon exist than that of pampering or spoiling—except the direct opposite, that of frequently casting tears.

"A less spiritual of honey is worth a pound of gold." An indiscriminate use of the sweets of life is a stupidity and an injury; but the judicious use of them is of far more service to the production of good results than the bitter humors which are often considered to be of most advantage. It is better to soften the heart than to harden it. "A soft word turns away wrath."

"The monkey forced transmigration, lest he should become a goblin" (Arabic.) The insatiable conceit of some people, and other ignorance of themselves, either as to appearance or abilities are finely expressed in this above.

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